

STORIES ABOUT
TOM, JANE, AND BEN.



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STORIES ABOUT
TOM, JANE, AND BEN.
FOR
LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.



NORTHAMPTON :
E. TURNER :

A B C D E

F G H I J

K L M N O

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Z &.

STORY ABOUT TOM.

TOM was a boy of six years old, who was fond of all live things. He had a dog and a cat, and he



said he should like to have a bird and a fish: but his nurse told him that the cat would eat them; so the fish was left in the pond, and the bird in its nest.



The dog and cat would fight
when Tom gave them a bit of



bread, or a bit of meat, or a bone.
The dog would bark and snap, and

the cat put up her back and spit ; but they were both fond of Tom, and the cat was so droll that she made him laugh. This was when he had been a good boy ; for when he had not been good, he was sad and could not laugh.

Tom had an aunt, who was a kind friend to him, and he was fond of her. One day she came to see him, and took him home with her for a week ; and at her house he saw things which he thought great and fine. He saw a cart with a large horse, and a mill with sails, which went round and round when the wind blew and he saw a boat with oars, and his aunt's man took him out in the boat one day, and they went to a farm a great way off.



And Tom saw there two hens
with their young ones, and five
ducks, and two large geese: and



he drank milk warm from the cow, and ran in the fields, and felt so glad that he had been a good boy ; for he well knew that if he had not been good, his aunt would not have brought him to her house at all.

STORY ABOUT JANE.

JANE was a great pet at home, and was good till six years old ; but as she had not been taught to



read, or write, or work, at that age she grew so cross that no one could bear her. So she was sent to the house of her aunt.

Her aunt kept a school, and



when Jane was brought to her, she told her it was now full time for her to learn, and that she would teach her. But this made Jane cry, and she said to her aunt, that "she would not learn." So her aunt said, "Those who will not learn, must not play."

When the time of school was past, Jane saw eight girls of her own age go to play on the lawn,



and she thought to run and jump with them ; but her aunt made her go back to the house and sit down, and said to her, “ When you choose to learn, you may play too ; but not till then.”

So Jane sat still and was sad, and the tears ran down her cheeks. She thought what a fool she had

been, and that she would be so no more.

The next day Jane's aunt said, "Come here and learn to read, and by and by I will teach you to work and to write." And Jane said, "I thank you," and went to try what she could do, and did well for the first time. Jane was glad, and her aunt was glad, and all the girls were glad; and Jane went to play with the rest.

So Jane grew good, and did all that her aunt bid her do; and in a



short time she could read and write, and sew and hem. The more she could do, the more glad she was ; and when she could learn well, she was cross no more.

STORY ABOUT BEN.

Ben was not a good boy ; he was cross, and did not do as he was bid. He was not kind to birds or beasts, but would tease them : and so he got bites and



hurts from them. The dogs would bark and growl at him, and the cats would scratch him: in short, no one was fond of him.

He once got a kick from a horse,



which he had struck on the tail with a large stick: and one day

while he threw stones at a swan which swam in the pond, the swan



came out and beat him with its great strong wings, so as to make him roar out for help. It was well for Ben that there was a man near, who came and drove the swan back to the pond, or Ben might have lost his life by it.

At last Ben saw that no one could like him, and that man and beast knew he was not a good

boy : this did not please him, and he thought in his own mind, "What a fool I am to make all hate me ! I will try to be good and kind, and I hope that will make them like me."

So at last Ben grew wise, and did as he was bid, and was cross no more. He did not throw sticks or stones at the horse, or the cow



or the pig ; he did not hunt the cocks and hens, and ducks and geese, in the yard, but he threw bits of bread to the swan in the pond, and he kept crumbs for the

small birds when the frost and snow came.

And in time they all grew fond of him. The dogs would wag their tails and lick his hands : the cats would walk round him and purr : and all the boys were glad to play with him. So Ben found that it was well for him to have grown good.



THE LITTLE GARDENER.

YOUNG JEMMY'S little plot of ground
Is neat beyond compare,
With shrubs and plants so richly crown'd
And weeded with such care.

Here pinks and fine carnations stand,
All planted in a row ;
While ripen'd currants tempt the hand,
And fragrant roses blow.

The daisy, unassuming flower,
Here rears its modest head ;
And woodbines curl around the bower,
With Jessamine o'erspread.

At morn and eve, in frost and snow,
Here Jemmy labor'd hard ;
But now his fruits and flowers bestow,
A suitable reward.



